

# The



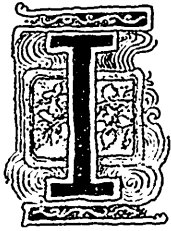
# Owl.

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## THE FIRST DAYS OF THE COLLEGE.



HAVE now before me your note requesting a contribution for the "Owl" about college reminiscences of the olden time. We are just about to close a Parliamentary session where all kinds of traps have been set by insidious opponents. The Jesuits' Estates disallowance motion has been discussed and decided and we have disposed of a couple of attempts to make political capital by means of equally insidious motions to refer that question to the Privy Council in England. Many and varied are the connivances and contrivances planned tried and exploded within arms length of where I now sit, and these things have made me suspicious. We all feel as though on the "ragged edge" and what would be considered a most innocent move under ordinary circumstances is now warily scanned lest it should prove of "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain." Naturally your little missive comes in for its share of cautious circumspection so let me frankly confess my questions on reading your complimentary invitation were "what are the boys up to?" In words never uttered by the class of *belles lettres* I exclaimed "do they imagine I am going to give myself away?" Is this merely a good natured attempt to find out if your humble servant has become *senex laudator temporis acti* or do they really imaginé I shall attempt to outrival Baron

Manchausen or a modern angler in coloring up some trivial incident of college days long gone by?

If so to disappointment deep and dire are you consigned my dear Publishers. *Primo: laudator temporis acti* is a vile humbug--the most unpersonable of all deceivers because in imposing on others he not unfrequently ends by convincing himself. *Secundo:* It is all very well for grave and reverend seignors delivering ponderous addresses at commencement exercises to dilate on college days as the happiest in life. All nonsense my young friends--this is a vale of tears and in each sphere, whether at the primary school, in the University, in the avocation of every day life, in the "*panem quotidianum*" struggle wherever fortune or whatever you may wish to call it, pitchforks us, the joys and the cares are pretty evenly divided. A triumph on the school stage is just as sweet as any achieved in the later life arena and the pains and penalties of Jack at college weigh upon the young heart as heavily and are felt as acutely as any knock or kick or cuff metaphorically administered and endured in the later periods of the existence of Master Jack, metamorphosed into John Esquire or laden down with prefixes more coveted but not less delusive.

By Jove! there is moralizing for you--are we really getting old? Well, away with dull care? *Carpe diem.*

You ask for my reminiscences. What more suggestive place than here at my